





**A Review of the History of the Church  
From 1872 to the Present Time—  
Who the Pastors Have Been  
—A Good Record.**

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teria. s. or 710

Tariff for Protection is Declared Uncon-  
stitutional—The Position of the Two  
Great Parties Defined—Cleve-  
land was Mentioned.

Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension on the transformation efficiency of *Agrobacterium* strains.

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clearly stated what is the position of the parties on this question? I desire to say, The Republican party advocates the doctrine that the government has a constitutional as well as a moral right to im-

of the benefit of our manufacturers. Miss

Quirin says second to the star.

That luxuries should bear the  
burdens.  
That there should be free raw ma-  
terial for the benefit of our manufacturers.

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**A Scheme to Seize the Irish Lands—Some  
Cholera Gossip—The German Pre-  
cautions Were Worse Than  
the Plague.**

The residents of Tainburg feel very over the lack of sympathy and the abuse of the feeble feeling with a wish they were treated by most of the German authorities, the press and the people during this trouble. The leading Tainburg paper advocate a commercial boycott of the town, watering places which have refused to say no to residents who have left Tainburg during the epidemic. Since Tainburg feeling has somewhat abated, more humane sentiment towards the people of Tainburg is becoming apparent. In the past week six of the largest banks in Berlin have opened subscription lists to relieve of the cholera sufferers in Tainburg. The German people are beginning to understand, having them with a sub-

fantasy rifle. Architecture and enter into  
softened, the copper is rich, so that they  
be cut with a common pocket knife.  
power that comes through the in-  
made was wet and slippy.

Mr. Evans, who seems to have know-  
the is that the No. 618 in the  
pleans to be satisfied that the cartridges  
sicken at last time by persons who  
willing and ready to do anything.  
would sit the rebel cause.

**Outrages by Sicilian Brigands.**

London, Sept. 17.—A report from  
British consul at Palermo contains some  
riote facts regarding the outrages by  
bands in Sicily. It says that the  
band of Sicily is intended with

The state Department desired, to continue no longer in the service.

Secretary Perkins slightly H. W. WHEELER, W. Va., Sept. 17.—That Secretary Perkins is dead, or seriously ill, is denied in a telegram from J. H. Evans, W. Va., to-night. Attorney-General, or at Washington, D. C. says Mr. Perkins is somewhat indisposed, and out of the office, but the rumor probably grew.

Homestead Troops Withdrawn. PITTSBURGH, Sept. 17.—The Fifteenth regiment will be withdrawn from South Monday. This will leave about 25 troops on duty. It is probable that the troops will be withdrawn by the end of the month.

North's wife, Archonision Varganava, worked ever since she got to a woman center for the object on Wales for her efforts, despite delay and criticism, innumerable, have been growing success. In a period she generously ended this with the result that last winter she was to Jaromir were in fact they were to go to London.

Jaromir departed a characteristically.

"Wah, clothes are we to have in connection of the governor."

"In your prison clothes."

"Gosh—decide to go," answered Jaromir.

The governor refused to be so late.

proposals are faulty and ineffective. The  
 "The cost of such a work has been  
 very great, but in order to give  
 widest possible circulation, and thus  
 the purpose of the publication, it is  
 deemed to be sold at a price  
 little in any reference to its cost."  
 has been fixed at \$5. per copy, at which  
 it will be sent gratis to any par-  
 ticular libraries, and one gratis to each  
 of the various most artistic scientific  
 air of Colorado, and has over at  
 Colorado Springs and points of interest  
 which furnish in untraded copy to  
 such a work.

Under the latter.

The University and University of

Four Mile creek, and from thence  
most feasible route to Cringle.  
The best location is for a term  
years and the capital stock \$50,000.  
The parties interested are John  
C. C. Harrison, S. E. Hastings,  
Roudebous, B. F. Rocca, J. W.  
Nikirk, Chas. Hensé, Robert,  
and David Wood.

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Mr. Cy Warman, the well-known  
bait and pest, has become a resi-  
dent here, and has taken the cor-  
ner of 712 North Cleon street.

Smith,  
L. D.  
C. G.  
Gibson



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\_\_\_\_\_

They are:



	1890.	1890.
United States	2,780,000	8,328,345,000
Australia	3,008,700	30,410,500
Russia	2,117,100	21,161,200
Africa	9,846,632	9,847,000
China	5,040,000	5,520,000
The World	122,438,160	116,848,000

It should, however, be said, that the annual production for these two years was greater than for any year of the last twenty. And, indeed, though the most prominent of the gold fields have shown a decrease, new ones have been opened up, and the world's production in the sixteen years, \$70,000,000 inclusive, cost not more than \$10,000,000 nor rise above \$19,000,000. To prove that the increase in value of gold we must take into account the larger demand which is caused by the market growth in the volume of trade of the world.

Another thing that will necessarily have to be taken into our account is the increase of the product of the South African mines. Referring to those at Johannesburg the London Times says editorially

"An average annually of our gold-mining operations during the present year is estimated to be such that most of the fifty-five companies will cover their production. Continuous new machinery is being imported, and new methods are being evolved.







NY 5A-12

Thy saint is a saint that few may know  
 And that she does for sinners so.  
 She is as a father, faithful, as fair,  
 And as a mother, tender, true.  
 She is full of wisdom and moods as an elf,  
 And yet is the spirit of truth itself.  
 And we, for him who is a burden can bear  
 In the light of the sun as a heart that is fair.  
 Her face is a mirror where men may read  
 The truth that inspires art, thought and  
 deed.  
 Her life is a life of devotion and care,  
 And she has a halo about her hair.  
 Her care is for others and not for herself,  
 And she needs no rest or profit or self,  
 Though for her that her work is so true,  
 And she knows not her halo is bright as a  
 sun.

All things she does from the spend to love  
That comes to her here from a power above  
And who adore her can hardly care  
To look at the halo about her hair.  
—Walter M. Pollock in Longman's Magazine.

EXHIBIT A

**A TRUE STORY.**

Written for THE GAZETTE.

"Who unto the land ruled, by day" is a familiar and wise citation. This may, in a propriety also be said of a large business house; absolute, like a king's, is the authority of its chief, upon his circumspection, activity and energy depends the prosperity of the house, upon his humor the weal or woe of the employes. The firm of Barclay & Son, owning the largest and oldest ale brewery in the United States resembled a miniature kingdom. The small, unassuming brick building, situated on one of the short, narrow streets near Independence hall, preceded an indication of the extensiveness of the business. The old-fashioned front windows of the ground floor protected by portable shutters and ornamented with what were once white marble window sills—long since gray with age—and the tightly closed green shutters of the second gave the house a deserted appearance. On the lower floor was the counting house and on the upper, though now unoccupied had been the residence of the original Barclay sons—father and son. To be impressed with the vast dimensions of this business one had to step inside of the roomy gateway, in the rear of which, there was a large yard paved with cobblestones. Surrounding this yard on three sides there were immense stone buildings towering high above the modest brick walls guarded the entrance. Here were the brewing, cooling, filling and storage departments. The main house, the stores and in short everything incidental to such an industry. The two who had given the firm its name, Peter and Peter Barclay, were dead. Both had worked incessantly from small beginnings to give the business its present extent. The former lived to a ripe old age, he, after, while yet in the prime of life, fell through an open and unguarded hatchway in the storehouse and was instantly killed. His mangled remains, which were brought into the presence of his wife without any previous warning, made such a horrible impression upon her that she could not live in the old house any longer. While the business was being carried on by a manager appointed by the orphan's court, she and her 13-year-old boy, Frank, removed to a comfortable little cottage near George's Hill, in Fairmont Park, which had been presented to her by her father-in-law as a wedding gift, and which she and her husband had heretofore only occupied during the hot summer months. The green shutters which so jealously guarded the windows of the old office were now only opened when it was deemed necessary to air the rooms and dust the furniture—the widow never visited the rooms again.

When Frank Bar eycorned the house and its terrible memories she thought more of herself than the future of her son. The atmosphere in which he grew up was little calculated to make a man like his father and grandfather of him. The examples before him were not industry and work which lead to wealth, but luxury and pleasure so accessible to the rich. It was not necessary for the widow to worry about the material future of her son. This was not only secured by the prosperity of the business but by a snug fortune which the founders of the same had invested in gift of equities. Although Mrs. Bar eycorn had turned her back upon the old house and lived in West Chicago, still enjoying her riches she had never imagined the future of her son otherwise than that he would upon attaining his majority assume control of the firm's business and carry it on in an honorable manner. And Frank grew up indulged by his mother, unconstrained in his inclinations without constraint to earn or endeavor. Even during his so-called apprenticeship with an old friend of the family, the head of a large mercantile house, his many shortcomings were looked upon as of no consequence.

At the age of 21, by the desire of his mother, Frank assumed control of the business which had, since his father's death, been carried on successfully by the manager appointed by the court. His mother had hoped that by thus making him independent of her it would awaken in him a spirit of self-reliance, a sense of the grave responsibility resting upon him and develop him into a thorough man of business. But even the honor of being the head of such an immense concern affected the young man but little. One of his business associates, the manner of the speaker that it was also desire to terminate the interview. But as anxious as the city manager usually was to stimulate his principal's disinterestedness in the business he knew on the other hand that his own wishes never met with a ready approval. At times when young Baragorin seemed to be in a hurry, and Mr. Brown, after a slight hesitancy, said in a low voice, whose tone seemed to pray for indulgence because the principal was being bothered with such a triviality: "We ought to dismiss Driver 'Crux,' Yr.

Barrycorn, he had of the best variety of several irregular articles and vegetables he was again rejected, by a policeman, because he would not clear the way for a better car and a more exact collection was made, which have resulted in serious damage. The man has apparently become accustomed to crime."

Barrycorn turned to a doctor, gave a wise answer, a wise and carefully studied a yellow ribbon over his left hand, without apparently being interested by Bowow's communication. "My dear Bowow, you know that you are to use your own discretion in all these things. The merit of the person, cannot use comparison in my opinion."

Trusk. So he wondered what that person would say, now that he was, how long he had been in the firm's employ, whether he was a family to support. He made up his mind to become acquainted with the employee in the future in order to avoid a case, a recurrence of the desire to induce in such subtle and trifling injuries.

Barrycorn could stand this no longer, he threw a coin to the garçon, grabbed his hat overcoat, and made off to the process of the companions who assured him they would accompany him in a few minutes, rushed out into the foggy morning. There he paid a moment whether to ride or walk and concluded the water would do him good after the

Bow-wow, he said as Sam,  
"I will marry him to-day that his serv-  
ices will not be required after the first."  
"Very well, very well," said Bow-wow,  
nodded his eye and reached for his  
and cane. "Perhaps I won't be here to-  
morrow," have been invited to join a  
"fox hunt. See that everything is O.K.  
Good evening."

Now our courtesies in the USA; manner, Burgeymore left the office, entered his course round for the theater, and before the horses started he had forgotten his business. Now our and Driver Truax. As he entered the box greeted by numerous acquaintances, as he glanced over the brightly illuminated auditorium containing so many pretty and interesting ladies adorned with costly opera costumes, sparkling jewels, rustling furs, and saw so many famous or at least events well known men, then it was that his custom began to swell with pride and he grieved in the fact that he belonged to the land of the elect. At last, of whose prerogative it was to determine the success or failure of every new play.

The play was one of the French society order. A trivial, successful, enervated render, who insisted that the opera should be the counterpart of a fashionable cotillion, while the son had fallen in love with the very poor porter's daughter, to whom he promised undying love and everlasting fidelity.

The son drew his work, left the house of his pursuer; a fair, married life was loved, by industry and economy amassed a fortune, and finally became reconciled to his father after the latter had, through the machinations of the forsaken nobleman, lost the bulk of his wealth. Upon the close of the first act every body anticipated how the play would wind its way through the ensuing love scenes, couplets, and bad jokes of the loose. The play, which had been much praised by transaction and been pruned of consideration of the spices, so that it might not offend the prudish sensibilities of a Philadelphia audience, would have been a poor failure had it not been for the extraordinary efforts of the leading comedian and the virtuous "debutante," whose cases were the brave porter and the charming "lie," respectively.

Franc Baragona, non direct of the performance, turned to the audience among whom his searching glances sought familiar faces. He probably would have lost all interest for the strange had it not been for a remarkable conjunction of ideas that during the closing scene of the second act caused Sowlow and Trux to appear before him. In this scene the reader discovered the intrigue between his son and his former daughter and thereupon dismissed the porter and family from his ensey and orders them to immediately quit his premises. The porter took advantage of this opportunity to deliver a flaming tirade against the father in general and his employer in particular and finally giving a coup de wit a wife and daughter were shown.

Barrycorm vainly said to himself that there was no similarity between himself and the bare-headed gentler and that the dismissed driver was not a "jo," good fellow like this portier, but a grumbler who endangered the lives of passengers in the street cars—he could not banish the thought. What he had perceived previously of been correct, he was now positively irritated and did not regard his equanimity even after having succeeded in delivering a few energetic phrases which greeted the closing scene.

about the subject, of which he and his companions partook at the U. S. was once said, is fit not to have the effect of diverting his mind from Cruek, to the uncertainty that individual was constantly jumping up before him and that Bazooka's ghost would not down. Bazooka was not subject to such hallucinations, yet he would have sworn that very time he noticed a glass of champagne to his left. He quiet snoring was interrupted, "Jere's out," he fairly agitated him to be unable to shake off this odious individual, and an inviolable from his companions to join a "framing party" was very surprising indeed. He supposed the excitement incident to finding money had his thoughts in different channels, but after every bit was said and done, he imagined he heard a malignant voice from Cruek and the money he could not vex him so much in this miry old costume. Even to Cruek's mirth when at the Cafe. Here he was trying to supply a revolutionary comrade with aousse case he found he had been followed by his unpaid comrade. He was a most frantic because he could not drive him off. What worse case him most was that while he spoke he seemed to be one in heaven and conveyed to his mind no definite form or measures yet he intuitively knew it to be

"to eternity," was yecet into his ears, stars at a time, but often are more brilliant than any star, because they are so near us that their friction against the celestial

Barneycorn's advantage in years enabled him to overcome his strange gaudiness; he succeeded in loosening the ties of man's dependence from "his tarot," inducing him jerk upon the beads and—there, holding him with strong arms. The old man parted in utter exhaustion.

"You may get go of me, Mr. Barneycorn," he said resignedly, "I will go to the police station with you if my own accord. Whether one's self be added to pile or ver— I will remain—to the same place."

Barrycorn was sure that he had nothing further to fear, and at the same time he became aware that his encounter had not been just a matter of bits with one who bore him the most deadly hatred.

"How do you come to know me, secondly, and what have I ever done to you that you should seek to murder me?" asked Barrycorn.

"Certainly, you do not remember me," said the old man bitterly, "and yet I have faithfully served the firm of Barrycorn & Son for forty years. When you were a small boy it was a picnic for you when you were permitted to come to me in the space, and you would not cease exclaiming: 'Dear Trux, let me on the horse,' until you sat there and laughed with joy and played with the whip."

Barrycorn could scarce remember the encounter the earth's atmosphere they break into small fragments and fall harmlessly to the ground. It is about half on 900 or 700 of these meteoric stones reach the surface of the earth in the course of a year, while the number of small particles which fall has been estimated at 2,000,000 a day. The air did not act as a cushion, no casualty would be more common than being killed by a meteorite.

Meteorites are usually composed of iron, silicon and oxygen, the three elements which are most common in the earth, and as no new elements have been found in these visions from space, it is believed that the solar system, and perhaps the universe, are made out of the same material as the earth.

The motion of falling meteorites is very

Barbeycorn started as if threatened by a stroke of lightning. "You are the driver, Truex?"

"We, same, whom you dismissed, yes," Truex, said the old man. "Or have you forgotten this too, Mr. Barbeycorn?"

"Dismissed like a dog, after I had grown old and gray in the service of your house. And why? Because a policeman reported me!" The old man sniggered. "That isn't true, Mr. Barbeycorn. But, say, your way I was dismissed."

curious. One has seen known to travel on a line a most rare, with the earth's surface, and from sixty to one hundred miles above it, the way from Indian Territory to central New York, where it is supposed to have fallen in fragments. Another passed from Michigan across New York's state and on out to sea between New York city and New Haven. These meteors travel six or seven hundred miles an hour after they become visible.

"Because an honest man is not wanted in your business any more, because your law says now no one can be one near him who does what is going on, and because you yourself have become too big to need to buy anything! And now take me to the police station and denounce me for assault," to which I is a gentlemanly offense, and to my wife it may make no difference whatever I am young and on this tree or in a young pond faucet." Barney cringed again, being confronted with the truth. You were dismissed, Trax," he replied, "because Mr. Snow told me that you were a drunkard. And he was right, or so you deny that you were fit, as you say." Barney climbed fully six feet in an empty waist tank which was lying on the ground as an accompaniment to his words. But this did not seem to

"Very well," Mr. Sarayorn, the chief, replied, but I am no drunkard. Pray to you to walk the streets at night, in despair, won't you drink, too much whiskey, but champagne, perhaps. But, alas my wife whether she ever saw me drunk. After you have seen her, tell me whether I would ever be able to go home intoxicated. She would make good so not for me. I am not experienced in that line would be my last."

Barrycreek was "forced" to smile when he heard the Mercantile driver "rued" his responsibility of his wife.

"I will be here you 'ruer,'" he said, "I may have done you wrong, and I forgive you for having cut out at my throat. But you mustn't fear starvation, even though you have lost your job, and it was a crime which you attempted to commit here."

"One doesn't fear starvation with such  
times as these, Mr. Barreycorn. But  
peace cannot be secured readily when  
one has been dismissed as summarily as  
I have been," she said when his growl  
and then there is the despair when some-  
thing happens to a person, the despair  
can't pay evil thoughts in one's head.  
Kind in my station also have a sense of  
honor, Mr. Barreycorn, you may be-  
lieve me."

Barleycorn had in the meantime picked up a rope which was lying on the ground, and was forcing it into an overcast notice.

"If you wish to take it as a 'corpse notice,' believe so," they term it, to the police, "may as well carry it for you," said Trux.

But Barleycorn offered the old man to hand. Within him there had been a struggle going on between good and evil, and the former had won the victory.

"We will go to the police rest," he said, "we have not seen that we can go along together without them. Besides we need never take to each other, nor do I care about our strange meeting; but you must leave the wild life rope, Kuxu, would it be to have a fair corner race of ten or twelve miles over my feet in the hunting house. And this afternoon let us resume your job: I will hunt you until the eagle gives consent."

On Tuesday, Mr. Frank Barre, aged 60, was taken ill while driving his car from New York City to Philadelphia. He was driving at about 40 miles an hour when he became ill. He was taken to a hospital in Philadelphia, where he died.

The Republican club at Fountain was organized Friday evening with the following officers: Joseph Patton, president; E. C. Quick, vice president; Dr. Cinger, secretary, F. K. Persins, treas-







